

Booze and the press agent. Bootleggers get publicity.

My attention has been called to a series of articles in the Outlook in regard to bootlegging. This illustrates weekly of current life thinks nothing of press agenting bootleggers though it would probably hesitate to advertise some of the Old Testament vices, even by indirect means. I have no doubt that this journal sent out a very able correspondent who could track down a drink of booze with neatness and dispatch. And having succeeded in mingling with the drab and sordid underworld, it thinks it proper to advertise our shame. In the issue I examined, the dipomaniac was advised that New Jersey was wet, Pittsburgh was wide open, and that in Cleveland that liquor could be bought by the case.

There is no question but what publications such as contained in the Outlook making the bootlegging profession one of importance, has done much to stimulate the thirst of dipomaniacs, furnished them with arguments for the continuation of the habit, and added somewhat to the respectability of drinking.

At the time that the old and salted voters of the prohibition states amended the constitution, it was considered a wonderful thing that New York voted so largely for prohibition when it was not ready either mentally or physically to accept it. It was like nailing a good resolution on the part of a person who did not have strength of character enough to carry it out. We who have lived in dry territory know something about the shock that came to thousands of dipomaniacs when the country went dry.

But what we did not know was that the most intelligent class, the writers, were so dependent upon alcohol. My experience with alcohol is that it took away all ability and desire to write. It seemed to loosen the tongue, but if in a moment of exaltation I would write down my burning thoughts, the product showed over night, and had to be thrown away. But anyone who can read sign knows now that of all classes and conditions of persons, that the New York writers, the top of the profession, were hard hit by prohibition.

So I take it that almost any of the professional writers, if given an assignment that required the purchase of alcohol, that they would have no trouble in filling it and writing about it afterwards. In fact they would come steaming on the quest.

Within the last year I have been in most of the big cities in the east, and I have spent considerable time there on all sorts of missions, but in each case, I have associated with respectable people. In that time, including at least a dozen visits, I have not been in a city where I could have bought a drink, so far as I know. I feel sure from such information as is contained in the Outlook that if I had been on the pad for a drink, that I could have fed and bribed underlings until I had gotten something that might have passed for a drink. But I only know it through my reading and not from my experience as a traveler.

My memory is very vivid as to conditions six or seven years ago. Then I traveled to the city on trains loaded with persons in various stages of drunkenness. I saw the flushed faces and preternatural solemnity of the drunken asses who the more they drank the more dignified they became. Carrying their liquor they called it. To them it was more important to be drunk and act sober than to be sober and act gay. And more than that, in the dear, dead days, now gone beyond recall, the city was full of persons wearing whiskey faces, the red, swollen, decayed countenances, that have already become a thing of the past. I know plenty of young boys who have never seen a whiskey face and this in six years.

I saw a few drunken men in New York during a course of a three weeks stay there, but in the other cities I saw not one. The hotels were filled with people noted for their severity, so far as chumming was concerned. But even in New York, if I had surrendered my freedom from strong drink so painfully purchased about twenty years ago, and had started hot foot for a snifter, I would not have known how to have made the opening break. In fact I would not have known that it was on the market at all except for current literature which continually flaunts the fact before a thirsty world. If it were not for the disgrace connected with it, I would like to run a drink down in the city sometime. I know too that when I did get into one of the wet places that I would immediately conclude that the whole world was wet.

My only experience in New York along those lines was an effort to buy an antiseptic of some kind for a mouth wash and being refused in a drug store. I offered to take any preparation that the druggist suggested. I was not thinking of the liquor law at all. But it speedily dawned upon me and I went away from that place with a tube of tooth paste to show my good intentions.

I know that there is a great difference in observing a city from the point of a sojourner in the hotels and that of a resident. But where as a few years ago who mingled with a drunken world, now so far as I have observed, it is a sober world. I believe that this has more to do with the development of the painted, bobbed flapper than anything else. If she had flaunted her fair self ten years ago, she would have been a flapper no more.

There is no more effort to force upon the traveller bootleg whiskey than there is to sell him opium or any other kind of poison. I feel sure that such articles as the Outlook must give the man who stays at home the impression that he would

have to keep the bootleggers off of him if he went to the city.

There was a time when I considered myself a fine judge of whiskey. I specialized in whiskey. As for brandy, wine, beer, and such stuff, I never considered that I had the ability of a connoisseur, but it was hard to fool me on whiskey. I considered that it was a kind of a liquid food that added zest and interest to life and was distinctly the drink of a man. But after I had served my term, it occurred to me one day that the silver cord had loosened, and that soon the golden bowl itself might be broken, and I put myself through a course of sprouts and marked John Harlequin off my list of friends. I even alienated friends who came to visit us by having no strong drink to set before them. It was awkward at first.

From the samples that are offered in whiskey cases at court, I have come to the conclusion that whiskey as we used to know it has passed from the earth. All they show now is a liquid that looks like kerosene oil. Whiskey used to be red.

I have been fighting the influenza for over a month. If four rattle snakes had bit me at the same time I could not have been worse poisoned. And thirty years ago the specific for influenza was whiskey and quinine, and during the sad, depressing course of the disease memory conjured the thought of that heroic remedy, and I am not sure but what I would have been glad to have tried it again if there had been an opportunity. Par tays not for I am proud of this feat that has come to me and would not want to jeopardize it. But I was safe from the experiment.

Last year when an aged chieftain of the countryside was on his way, in his last illness he was unable to swallow any food unless his appetite was tempted by a spoonful of whiskey. A pint would have seen him through but it was not obtainable. No one thought to write to the Outlook. The country had many drug stores and doctors and sporadic chemists, and since then there have been signs of bootleggers passing through, but so far as the immediate and legitimate need of alcohol was concerned, there was no supply.

On the other hand we hear a traveler's tale like this: At the Pennsylvania station in New York a man walked into a chair car. He was unsteady and was carrying a load with all due dignity. He sat down and passed into an unhealthy slumber. At Baltimore he woke up and turned this way and that and heard the people in car talking. He burst forth with the following, or words to the effect: "I am blind. Why did I change bootleggers?"

As far as the circle of my acquaintance is concerned, they have all ceased to drink. I think sometimes that very few persons know as many people as I do. I inherited a faculty from my father which enables me to remember those whom I have met and they are scattered far and wide. And no small part of them I met in bars, where the tired used to relax. It is possible that as many men as I could count on the fingers of my hands would still take a drink if properly approached, but even of this I am not sure. But I am sure that none of them have regular sources of supply and that they do not give the thought of stoking with alcohol a second thought. But it is quite evident that I do not associate with the kind of people that the editor of the Outlook and other writers of New York run with.

They do not seem to be able to cut the drinking out of the current fiction. Always the details of the drink creep in. Shaking cocktails, the pocket flask, the furtive bootlegger and the like. These are dangled before the avid readers of this kind of trash and prepare the immature mind for excitement to satisfy a curiosity thus aroused.

It is a very strange thing that the novelist is allowed to portray his idea of nice people and then show them up taking drinks and violating the law. If they were real persons and he was writing their biographies it would not be considered a clubby thing to do to give information that would lead to a speedy action by the grand jury. As a matter of fact these characters are figments of the imagination used in a very important and delightful art, and the only possible effect that it can have is to promote thirst among the dipomaniacs and to arouse curiosity among the high school students who will speedily make laboratory experiments along the line of the text.

My experience in court in regard to the violations of the prohibition law has been that of an observer with very slight exceptions. I do not think I have ever tried a case on the occasions I have held court as special judge. I have not accepted a fee for defending a person charged with this offense since the constitution was amended in this instance, and my only experience of late years has been to assist the prosecuting attorney infrequently when he was otherwise engaged. But if I was charged with the duty of enforcing the prohibition law, it seems to me that I would register an objection to the printing of booze literature, even such an editorial as I am now writing. And this on the simple ground that the press is no place in which to try a law

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suit. Well meaning publications like the Outlook are innocent causes of much of the stubborn evienced by members of the public, especially in the cities, in their effort to establish themselves above the law.

It is apparent that the licensed saloon is as dead as silvery. There is no use talking about the possibility of this country ever going back to the degradation of a nation ruled by saloon keepers. The most natural result of the propaganda for drink will be an increase in the severity of the punishment for bootlegging, and it would surprise no historian if the time would come in this country when the punishment for bootlegging would be death. It is the banter that one side makes to the other about this drinking business with words such as personal liberty on one side, and treason on the other.

There is no question that a pair of shoes does not last half as long now as they did in the days before prohibition went into effect. In those days they had to last. And what is more there are shoes on feet these days that knew no shoes in the old days. The immediate change in the expenditure of money when whiskey was cut off of the budget was new clothes and shoes for the women and kids. That was the first place that the money went. In a larger way as the time went on the purchase and waste of gasoline corresponds closely to the consumption of alcohol.

I have never lived in a community that had an open saloon of the kind that used to pass as the poor man's club, but I have had plenty of chances in the old days of observing the workings of such an institution. To my mind those saloons were a delusion and a snare. And that the relief that they afforded in each instance was temporary and illusive. And while alcohol had a numbing effect upon the user himself, yet it in no wise tempered the privation that his dependents suffered. And it was the most unjust thing in the history of political economy to levy a tax on whiskey and the other drinks, the very things that decreased the earning power of the taxpayer. It is no wonder that they voted it out. And yet to read city papers there are those who yearn for the good old days:

"When a man might trade a whole week's pay
For a glorious jax that would last all day;
A wonderful day and a wonderful night,
Including a free lunch and a fight.
And when at last
The glad hours passed—
When swooning nature would stand no more,
He could fall asleep on the sawdust floor,
With his weary head in the cuspidor."

A few years ago I had to cut out a periodical from the big city because it seemed to me that it had become even as a correspondence course in bootlegging. To read it was to feel the urge to rig up some sort of contraption and manufacture strong drink. This by indirection of always and forever harping on the question of alcohol and never letting a person get his mind off of the subject. I got tired of their arguments and came to the conclusion that the editorial staff was composed of ill-skilled and I told them not to send the issues any longer.

The Outlook as far as it goes on the

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Monuments

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subject is bad. It says that Pittsburgh is supplied with moonshine from West Virginia. There is very little moonshine made in West Virginia and I feel sure that there is none whatever for export. West Virginia has no large cities and it is practically impossible to make moonshine in great quantities in any place except large cities like Pittsburgh itself. If this were investigated, no doubt it would be found that the corn came from West Virginia but that the process that is required to change it into moonshine took place in the big city.

In this country every now and then some poor person undertakes to make money by moonshining or bootlegging. Without a single exception so far as my memory holds not one of them ever showed a profit or even got a living out of it. It seems to the casual observer that no sooner is a chemist of a retailer grabbed by the authorities than the county court is automatically issuing pauper checks to support the family of the accused.

And if on reading such assertions as the Outlook makes that Pittsburgh looks to the West Virginia hills for moonshine that if some of our thrifty neighbors would undertake to turn a dishonest penny it would turn out in our anthology about like the experience of P. J. Jimson. P. J. heard and read that there was money in the moonshine business and as he had a considerable crop of corn and a part of a barrel of sugar, he decided he would try it a while.

His farm was up a hollow and he was the only house in it. He was a good farmer. He did not have much courage and he did not drink anything himself. He could not stand to hear that there were strange persons that would pay as much as ten dollars for a bottle of moonshine. He had a good deal of pipe and a couple copper kettles and he had worked in a still when he was a boy, so he rigged up a contrivance back in the woods and ground up some corn in his corn crusher and made a run or two and filled up some jugs and kegs and undertook to sell it. They say that it was pretty good stuff but he did not know how to get it on the market.

He went to town one day and spoke to a workman who had the reputation of using the stuff to get drunk on, but he struck a wrong time, for the workman was on the stool of repentance, having just got over a spree and who did not intend just at that time to ever risk his life again with moonshine. So the workman told him no, and P. J. being pretty timid that way went home and got to studying around how he could get his run on the market, and worrying about what the workman might tell the sheriff.

About a week or ten days went by and lo and behold the thirst enveloped the workman. He got with a big gang of his chums one evening when they had about a half gallon to start on, and just in the shank of the evening, the liquor ran out. Then came the thought of P. J. So four of them got in a car about midnight and rode out to P. J.'s farm and called him out of bed and told him their needs. They bought ten quarts at ten dollars a quart and loaded it in the flivver and got ready to start, when P. J. demanded his money.

"Oh, that," said the workman "we pay in the regular way. We will leave the money for you at the sheriff's office. You come and get it." P. J. has not got the money yet and he never will get it.

I am sorry that the Outlook thinks it to give intimate details about booze without swearing out warrants. Better keep off the subject. There was a justice who married his first couple. He had no mind to dismiss them so he said: "That's all. Go and sin no more."

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Bartow Poultry Yard
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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of the late Mrs. Susie R. Hefner to present the same properly proven to the undersigned administrator at his office near Dunmore, W. Va. All persons owing said estate will please prepare to settle at once.

This 24th day of March, 1925.
H. H. Hefner
Administrator of the estate of Mrs. Susie R. Hefner, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
As administrator of the Estate of Peter Hill, deceased I will sell at auction at the residence of J. J. Urison Hill at Jacob, W. Va., on the 25th day of April, 1925, at 1 o'clock p. m. the personal property belonging to said estate consisting of the following articles to-wit:

2 shares of stock First National Bank of Marlinton,
1 share Mutual Telephone Company,
2 beds, 1 cast heating stove, 1 corn sheller, 1 apple mill, 2 chairs, 1 suit of clothes, 1 clock, 1 phonograph, 1 buggy, 2 overcoats,
Terms: Cash

Geo. P. Hill

FIDUCIARY NOTICE
The following final settlements are before the undersigned commissioner of accounts to wit:

Geo. R. Curry executor of the last will of Joseph S. Smith, deceased.
Chas. Shinabery executor of the last will of Alleghany Klinebell, deceased.

All persons interested will take notice.

T. S. McNEEL, Commr.
April 9, 1925.

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Notice is hereby given that on February 11, 1925, R. H. McElwee and Z. S. Smith, Jr. heretofore engaged in partnership in the meat business as McElwee & Smith, by mutual agreement dissolved said partnership and discontinued said business as partners. By the terms of the agreement of dissolution the business will be carried on by R. H. McElwee, who assumes all indebtedness owing by said partnership on said date, and all accounts receivable by said partnership are payable to the said R. H. McElwee.

Given under our hands this 11th day of February, 1925.
R. H. McELWEE
Z. S. SMITH, Jr.

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Frost, W. Va.

NOTICE
My wife, Gertrude McLaughlin, having left my bed board without any cause, I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract after April 6th. This 6th day of April, 1925.
Alfred B. McLaughlin
Huntersville, W. Va.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

A. P. EDGAR,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Courts: Pocahontas and adjoining counties and the Supreme Court of Appeals

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE
Attorney-at-Law
Marlinton, W. Va.

M. C. McNEEL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals of the state of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

P. T. WARD
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